

formed him, that I was "not a widow, but the doctor's wife." Then it was his turn to be disconcerted, and in the laughter that followed the explanation of our hostess, the sobriquet of "the doctor's wife," was fastened upon me, and I was seldom addressed by any other, until in self-defense I adopted it as my literary nom de plume, and for a number of years afterward, many of my contributions to the eastern press were made over that signature.

Some of the regulations which were necessary to insure the safety of the inmates of the fort at first proved exceedingly irksome. At Louisville and elsewhere in the department of the south, where my husband had served, no supervision over the ladies of the post had been exercised by the post authorities. We rode, drove, made calls, entertained our friends from the city, and went to the theatre whenever we chose. Here our environments were such that to gain permission for a short ride on horseback, required the utmost diplomacy. While there was little danger of the Sioux capturing the fort, unless they could first set it on fire, there was always danger of those who ventured away from the post being attacked, hence no one was allowed to leave the fort unnecessarily.

Zezula, the Medicine Squaw

The families of the Indian scouts subsisted in their log quarters and teepees, on the rations issued them by the government in much the same style that the lowest order of whites do in cities. I usually accompanied my husband when he went to visit the sick squaws and papooses. Several of the old women could speak English and I was soon on friendly terms with them. They called me "Medicine Squaw" and other nice names, one of which in the Indian tongue, was "Zezula," which they interpreted as meaning "the squaw that helps." From them I learned all there was to learn of the Indian system of medicine and surgery, but they said, "the white man's way is best."

Ree Scouts Discharged

On June 2nd the commanding officer tried the experiment of discharging the Arickaree scouts who had so long and faithfully served the government and substituting Sioux scouts from the Grand River Agency. This was done because the Arickarees had to run the gauntlet through the hostile country to Fort Sully, and seldom made a trip without being fired upon by the Sioux, to which they retaliated and usually came off victors. It was thought by the Indian agent at Grand river that by employing Sioux scouts to carry

the mail through the Sioux country much bloodshed could be avoided. The Sioux scouts were duly enlisted for the mail service, and with their squaws and papoosts took possession of the Indian quarters at the fort and drew their rations. The Sioux squaws were not friendly like the Arickarees, and once when I had carried some jellies to a sick child that lay neglected on the ground floor of a teepee an old squaw who looked a veritable witch, came and gave my long hair a vicious twist, accompanying it by a quick gesture over her own head indicative of scalping. That act needed no interpreter, and I went no more to the Indian quarters while the Sioux were there.

On June 12th a large war party of Arrickarees arrived from Fort Berthold, enroute to the Sioux agency at Grand river, which they said they were going to attack. They said they were tired of having their ponies run off, and their women killed by the Sioux, who were supported by the government, and had time to go on such raids, while they who had always been friendly to the government, must support themselves, and defend their villages against the Sioux at the same time.

Rations were issued to them by the commandant of the fort, and after an animated "powwow" and a horrible war dance they agreed to relinquish their bloody design, and next day they returned to their agency at Fort Berthold.

Indian Battle

On June 22nd we saw our first Indian battle. A large party of mounted Sioux swooped down upon the fort just as the "sick call" sounded, a little after daybreak. The usually deserted plain at the rear of the fort became suddenly a scene of life and color. Gaudily painted warrior on their swift little ponies were rushing wildly toward the west wall of the fort, uttering wild war cries and firing their guns. Inside the fort all was commotion. The long roll of the drums, the men rushing into ranks, and dashing off company after company, the sharp commands of the officers, and the fierce encounter on the plain, all made up a scene not soon to be forgotten by those who looked on, feeling that their lives depended on the result of the conflict.

The Indians soon gave way and fled to the hills taking with them a large part of the beef herd. The attack on the fort had been merely a feint, under cover which, they slew the herder, and stampeded the cattle. When my husband answered the interrupted "sick call," he found two wounded soldiers awaiting him. The Sioux had two

braves killed, whose bodies they carried away. One of them was thrown across his pony, and the other one, whose pony had been also shot, was picked up by two horsemen on the full run. Riding by on either side of the fallen warrior, without checking in the least their headlong speed, they stooped from their ponies and caught him up, one by the leg, and the other by one arm, and were soon lost to sight in the crowd of fleeing warriors. All this was plainly visible from the rear windows of the upper story of the officers quarters, that overlooked the plain.

This plain during the summer was the scene of many like events, but they all ended similarly, in the repulse of the red man.

On the night of June 27th the Sioux scouts at Rice packed up secretly and deserted, going back to the agency at Grand River. The discharged Arrickarees were then recalled, and after much parleying and "powwowing," they returned to their old quarters, and the mails once more ran regularly.

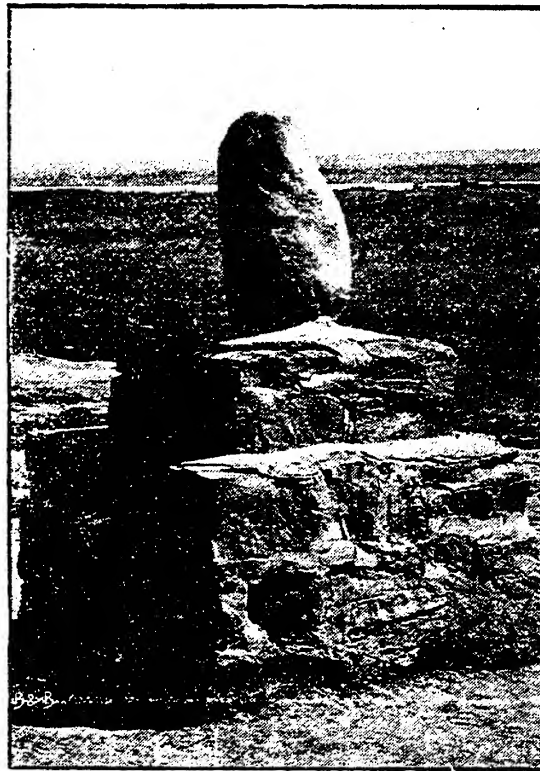
Fourth of July Celebration

The Fourth of July was observed at the fort by an old fashioned celebration. The cannon gave the patriotic salute at daybreak. The regimental band played patriotic airs and there were horse races, pony races and foot races for purses made up by the officers, in which soldiers and Indians participated. At night there was a grand display of fireworks, and there were two audiences who watched the airy flight of the skyrockets that were sent up from the brink of the dark river. The first were the soldiers and officers families of the fort. The others whose dark forms were visible against the lighter horizon were the loitering bands of the hostile Sioux, who had been called from far and near by the reverberations of the cannon in the morning and who now looked on wonderingly, from all the hilltops around about. The day ended with a brilliant hop in the library, and an Indian alarm at midnight, which happily proved to be false.

Soon after this there was a genuine alarm in which the Sioux succeeded in running off the herd of Arrickaree ponies and killing one of the scouts. But they were followed, overtaken and the herd recaptured by a band of Arrickarees, under the chief, Cold Hand, who surprised the Sioux in a ravine as they were holding a war dance around the scalp of the slain scout. They killed several Sioux, and captured their ponies in turn, which they brought home to the fort, but were afterward compelled to return, by the commanding officer, on complaint of the Indian agent at Grand River.

Another Attack

On another occasion, when the Sioux attacked the fort, the raid was so sudden and sharp that the soldiers did not wait for the command of the officer to form ranks, but at the first sound of the long roll, ran singly and in squads, to the west wall of the fort, scaled the stockade and began fighting, Indian style, each man for himself. In this way several companies were outside the fort, before the gates were opened, or the officers had reached the company quarters. They did most effective fighting, and repulsed the Indians without having had a word of command from their officers. For this breach of military discipline, as soon as the Indians were gone, the derelict companies were marched to the top of a hill back of the cemetery and compelled to stand in ranks under the hot, broiling sun, during the remainder of the day. The commanding officer claiming that in the enemies country, the utmost obedience to army regulations was necessary, and that these men in rushing off as they did in a disorderly way had left the fort unprotected, and while they were all fighting outside the west wall, the east and front gates were left open to the entrance of the enemy had they made an attack on those sides of the fort.



STANDING ROCK AT FORT YATES, D. T.

At length the autumn waned, the last steamboat left the river, and the fort soon settled down to its winter loneliness. The snow lay heavy on plain and hill. The river was frozen solid and the hunting for the officers was resumed as the Indians were afar off in their winter fastness in the Black Hills or eating government rations in the shelter of the "Smoky Water" agencies. Game was abundant, antelope, deer and occasionally elk were found forming an agreeable variation from the government beef, that was killed semi-weekly.

In the dead of winter the terrible gaunt wolves of the prairie become desperate from hunger. The howling of these starving beasts around the fort at night time was a fearful sound to hear. Even in the daytime they would come close to the fort, howling and dancing on their hind legs, with forepaws far upstretched against the heavy planks of the stockade, in futile efforts to scale the ten foot wall; to reach the human prey within. Many times at night the scouts in the Arrickaree quarters would have to rise and fire their guns to frighten them away. The same winter at Ft. Stevenson they dragged the body of the newly-buried child of the post interpreter from its grave and devoured it, and they would have torn to pieces the strongest man, who might have met them unarmed on the open prairie.

On New Year's day 1872, our baby died, but so intense was the cold that it could not be buried. There was no chaplain at any of the western forts, but funeral services were held in our quarters, by the ladies and gentlemen of the fort. Mrs. Gen. Crittenden read the burial service and the little coffin was placed in the powder magazine to await the coming of spring, as the ground was too deeply frozen to admit a grave being dug. As this weighed upon my spirits, Gen. Crittenden decided that a grave should be dug. A fire was made in the cemetery, and relays of men took turns in digging, as the graves had to be dug very deep to prevent the famished wolves from desecrating them. When the grave was ready the little wooden coffin was encased in a strong time box, and all the officers with my husband went up to bury it. I was not permitted to go. Col. Donovan and Lieut. Chance carried the little coffin by turns. The weather was freezing cold. Lieut. Humbert's eyelids were frozen on the way, and the fingers of the men who were detailed to assist were frost-bitten. A wagon containing several barrels of water had been taken along, and when the little grave was filled up, the water was slowly poured upon it, and this freezing as it fell, formed an impervious coating of ice, which effectually protected the grave from the claims of the famished wolves. At night as in sympathy with the motive, the wind arose and tossed the snow about and

heaped it above and around the little grave in heavy drifts that lay there undisturbed through all the long cold winter.

In the following March, a beautiful silver cup engraved with my baby's name, and "presented by officers of the 17th infantry," was brought to me by Mrs. Gen. Crittenden and Mrs. Lieut. Humbert. The order had been given in December, but owing to delays in the mail it had just been received.

The following letter accompanied it:

Fort Rice, D. T., March 3rd, 1872

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Slaughter:

The officers of the post, upon learning that kind Heaven had blessed you with a son, ordered as a token of their respect and esteem, the accompanying silver cup to be presented to the little stranger as a Christmas offering.

The painful news of the removal of your dear child did not reach us until after the order had left the post.

Knowing full well, that the Good Shepherd who careth for his fold, has taken the gentle lamb into His own flock, we send you the cup which was intended for your little babe, who is now in a brighter and happier clime.

The offering is not a valuable one it is true, but friendly feelings and the earnest good wishes of the donors accompany it.

Very truly yours,

James M. Burns, U. S. A.

For the Donors

To this we made the following reply:

Fort Rice, D. T., March 3, 1872

Lieut. J. M. Burns, U. S. A.

Permit us through you to express to our kind friends, the "officers of the 17th infantry," our grateful appreciation of the beautiful present intended for the little baby boy whose hands will never more clasp anything earthly. We have no fitting words in which to thank them for a gift, which valuable in itself as a token of good will and kind regard possesses for us, now, a priceless value and peculiar meaning

May God bless you, dear friends. Bless you for the kindly hands that prepared for us this sweet, sad pleasure, and the kinder hearts that prompted it. Until our own pulses are stilled in death's mystery, we shall treasure among our most cherished possessions, this little bright memento of our home at Fort Rice, with the officers of the 17th infantry.

Sincerely yours,

B. Frank Slaughter, U. S. A.

Linda Slaughter.



RED CLOUD

The Ogallala Sioux Chief who forced the government to abandon the Forts on the Bozeman Trail that were used to protect the emigrant to the gold fields of Montana, then part of Dakota Territory.



JOHN GRASS

CHAPTER VIII

DAYS OF DANGER

The army life had always possessed for me a strange and peculiar charm. The pleasant, social life, the martial music and the sentry's cry of "All's Well," the stirring reveille, the sharp tattoo and rattling surgeon's call that made one get up, whether they wanted to or not, and above all the glorious old flag that came down so grandly with the setting sun each night, all had for me a fascination that time has never lessened. Being at this time young and somewhat romantic, it seemed on first reaching the fort that the little spice of danger but added to the interest of this new life in the west, but time speedily rectified the illusion.

It was a sad thing to have to dread death at the hands of the Indians, but it was more dreadful still to fear that in case they succeeded in capturing the fort, that one might not be killed but led away captives by those demons in human form, who not satisfied with wresting life from the helpless victims, most cruelly deface God's fair image, ere their savage vengeance is appeased. I had ample opportunity to contemplate closely such a fate.

Returning one day from a ride outside the fort, with a visiting officer from Fort Sully, we struck an old Indian war trail, that ran along the river bank a little north of the fort. Between the trail and the river was a dense growth of willows, which in the cool morning and with the placid river formed a pretty picture. Along this pleasant path we were gaily cantering homeward, when suddenly our horses reared and recoiled, and at the same instant, some yards in advance, and a little to our left, the head and shoulders of a tall Indian brave rose slowly from the bushes. This dreadful apparition stood motionless, gun in hand, and glared at us with an intensity that chilled the blood in my veins. A rustling in the bushes close by showed that invisible foes were near—my first impulse, when I regained control of my horse was to turn his head, and fly back along the path we had come. But my companion, without the loss of an instant changed his position from my right side, to the place of danger on my left. Then seizing my horse by the bridle, he thrust his right arm through the reins, and striking my horse on the flank with his revolver, while he spurred his own, they dashed forward side by side down the path toward the fort. As we flew by he fired his

revolver at the Indian, who instantly sunk out of sight, but whether he had been struck by the bullet or had merely dropped to avoid being struck by it, we could not then determine.

The sentry in the northeast tower had seen the occurrence, and given the alarm by firing his gun, and when a few moments later, we galloped madly through the open gates, we found the whole garrison aroused. It was thought from the Indian not having shot at us, that the Sioux were concealed in force among the willows, and their plan was to draw into ambuscade, the soldiers, that they thought would be sent out to look for the single warrior who had appeared to us, so none were sent, but extra vigilance was taken to guard against surprises.

The explanation that came later was a terrible one to me. There was at the post a colored man named "Isaiah," who was married to a Sioux squaw. Isaiah was in the employ of the government as a scout and employed by the commanding officer of the fort, to keep him informed as to the movements of the hostile Sioux. This information, obtained through his wife was usually carried, but I always suspected that she, Delilah like, kept her relatives informed as to all affairs at the fort, and movements of the troops of which she could learn from her husband.

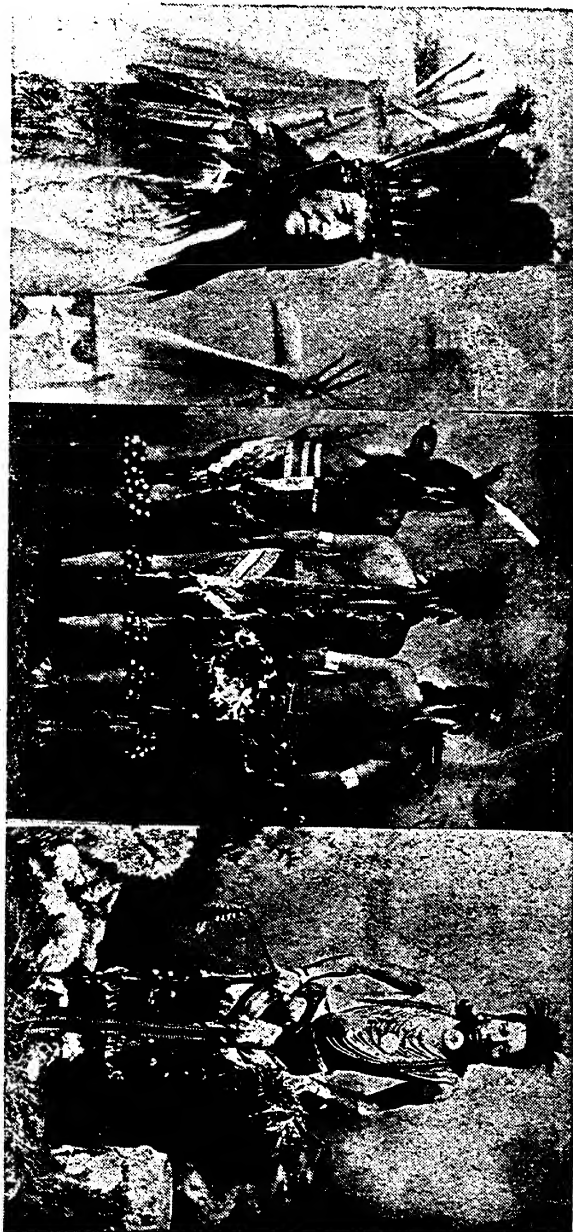
One day soon after this, Isaiah came into the fort with the information that a young Sioux chief had fallen in love, not with me, but with my luxuriant hair, which I wore loosely curled about my neck. During the mystic ceremonies of the scalp dance, he had taken the warriors vow to one day wear the scalp of the "medicine squaw," as an ornament to his dress, and since then was in the habit of lying in wait in the vicinity of the fort, watching an opportunity to seize me when out riding. It was he who had appeared to us in the willow bushes, and he had not fired upon me, because he wished to take me prisoner, a savage scheme that was defeated by the courage and intrepidity of the gallant gentleman who was my escort on that never to be forgotten day.

Another Indian Attack

The most serious attack made upon the fort that season was during one dark windy night. A strong gale was blowing from the south. The corded wood for the winter's use of the fort was neatly piled outside in long rows, one end of which was placed against the south wall of the fort, the rows extending several hundred yards away. The Sioux crept up stealthily and placed fire in the wood. As it blazed up, the fierce wind carried it against the south wall of

the fort. At midnight the long roll was heard, and the dreadful cry of "fire" and "Indians," resounded throughout the fort. The men sprung to their arms to repulse the Indians, and the non-combatants, my husband included, rushed away to fight the fire. Our quarters were at the north end of the row, and our bedrooms on the second floor were the most exposed of any to bullets fired from the north. On such occasions the orders were for the ladies to remain

SIoux WARRIORS



quietly in their quarters, so as the safest position I took my baby and sat down on the staircase, that ran through the center of the building, several steps from the top. As I sat there in the darkness, listening intently to the sound of the conflicts, I heard the cries of women,

and suddenly through the open door of the hallway there came running several ladies. They could not see me, as the light in the upper hallway had gone out, and the lamp in the hall below only lighted up the lower part of the staircase, and they supposed I was in my bedroom. Mrs. Surgeon Goddard ran to the foot of the staircase; with one hand she held close her little son, and raising the other above her head she called my name and cried: "Oh, my dear friend come down quickly. The fort is on fire and the Indians are breaking in. We must not be taken prisoners. We must run to the river and drown ourselves. Get your baby and come quickly."

Mrs. Goddard was always a beautiful woman, with a pure *modonna* face, and lustrous black eyes, but as she stood there in the veiled light of the hall lamp, with one white arm stretched above her head, her death-pale face upraised, her long, black hair above her shoulders and her black garments falling away from her plump figure, she seemed the impersonation of some beautiful saint, or inspired Sybil, uttering notes of warning. I sprang down the steps and out into the portico. Surely from these fearful cries, the worst had come. "I will go," I said. "The Indians are between the fort and the river," said another lady, "we must try to reach our husbands. They will not let us be taken alive." We started toward the scene of the conflict, but the guard was falling back and we were sternly ordered back to our quarters. We then ran toward the eastern gate. At the middle of the parade grounds our steps were arrested by a tremendous "boom" that nearly lifted us off our feet. The cannon had at last been gotten into position. The Indians fled headlong, the fire was extinguished, the battle was over and we were safe.

The settler in the "smoky water country," who now scans this narrative, in the security of his peaceful farmhouse, may smile at this pictured scene, depicting the actions of emotional women, who were needlessly alarmed. Far from it. He may perchance have read with half unbelief of the English officers in the India war, who with their own hands slew their wives and children, lest they should fall into the hands of the Sepoys. Doubt it not.

Your own countrymen and countrywomen of the American army, were often confronted by the same dread alternative. The Indians who peopled this northwestcountry, far surpassed the Sepoys in their deeds and the brutal tortures, to which their prisoners were subjected, exceeds the scope of language to portray. Many a brave officer and soldier of our army has committed suicide in the face of the enemy rather than be captured by them, and not an officer or soldier of our army existed, or exists, who would not choose death by his

own hand to the alternative of being taken prisoner. As for the ladies of the army, to whom such a fate possessed tenfold greater horror, it was no hysterical emotion that led them to seek self-destruction as a blessed alternative to capture, but, a calm, fixed, resolute determination never to fall in the hands of the Indians.

A Trip to Fort Buford

The spring of 1872 brought much work to the troops at Rice in the way of similar expeditions on a small scale. Company after company was detailed to act as escort to the engineers who were running new lines of survey to the westward. The duty was exceeding hard and dangerous, and was undertaken with distaste by all the officers and much grumbling on the part of some. Not one of them believed that the projected railroad would ever be built, or that the country could ever be settled, for that was in the days when "it never rained in Dakota."

It Never Rained in Dakota

The climate of this country has changed wonderfully since then, but the only thing resembling rain then, was a cold misty drizzle that chilled vegetation. An old Ree woman told me, that once a long time before, "the water came out of the sky round like bullets



SITTING BULL

and made rivers on the grass," but no one else remembered it and the scant productions of our post gardens were regarded as curiosities and not as edibles.

Add to the absence of rain the hot winds, the blinding dust, the scorching sun at noon, the chilling cold at night, and the scarcity of wood and fuel on the march and you will have a faint idea of the discomforts endured by the men on these expeditions. Add to these the knowledge that their trail was invariably followed by savage foes, who would instantly seize and put to death any of their number who straggled from the ranks—and frequently did so in plain sight of their comrades who were powerless to aid, and you have a faint idea of the physical and mental suffering endured by the brave men who made the first settlement of this country possible.

My husband had his full share of active duty then for although one company was never sent twice as escort, Dr. Slaughter being the junior surgeon was detailed to accompany each company in turn.

If the fatigue, the danger and exposure of the march were hard for the men to bear, what shall be said of the feelings of the wives, who remained at the fort, and who, fully aware of all the dangers to which their husbands were exposed, were compelled to wait through long weary weeks with no tidings from their loved ones, fearing the worst for them, and sinking in despair when the sound of the tom tom, heralding the war dance of the bloody Sioux, came faintly borne from the misty hills amid the pauses of the night wind.

No one who has not endured all this, can rightly understand such feelings.

The price paid for first opening this country to settlement was a heavy one, and dearly was it bought by the loss of life and health of many of our brave officers.

There were Lieuts. Adair and Crosby—killed outright, the latter murdered and mutilated within sight of the fort by the cowardly "Gaul," since called "Gall."

Lieut. Cairnes died from disease induced by exposure on the Painted Woods trip. Lieut. Humbert, I am sure, in this way contracted the consumption that ended his life. Lieut. Chance, I believe to have been more seriously impaired in health from this cause than his friends were aware of when he left the service. Major Sanger died too, a victim of the same cause, and it was such arduous duty as this that sent Col Donovan to end his days at Saint Elizabeth. Capt. Clarke and others of that devoted band who still survive are suffering from impaired health. But how many of the people who

now live securely on the land once claimed by savages, have ever heard even the names of the brave army officers who were the first pioneers of Dakota.

Dr. Slaughter was then suffering from a wound received in service—when regimental surgeon of the 55th Kentucky Mounted Infantry in the Civil War—and my anxiety for him when absent on such expeditions was extreme.

In April, 1872 a supply camp was established some three miles below the present site of Fort Lincoln, on the river, to serve as the base of supplies for the railroad engineers, who were continuing their operations in surveying lines to secure the most practicable route for their proposed railroad.

Lieut. Greene with "K" Co. of the 17th was sent out, with Dr. Slaughter as post surgeon.

Camp Greene, as the new post was called, was my husband's station for three months, but his services were often required elsewhere, and at Fort Rice, where Post Surgeon Goddard lay ill.

On May 17, 1872, he received the following order:

HDQTRS. FORT RICE, D. T.
May 17, 1872

Special orders No. 48

VII. A. A. Surgeon B. F. Slaughter, U. S. A., is hereby relieved temporarily from duty with Co. K. 17th Infantry, and will report to the commanding officer of Co. H. 17th Infantry, for duty with his company accompanying it to-morrow to Beg Bend, Little Heart River, D. T.

By order of James Humbert, CAPT. CLARKE.
1st Lieut. 17th Infty., Post Adjutant.

Official: To A. A. Surgeon B. F. Slaughter, U. S. A.

The column left Fort Rice on July 25, 1872, preceded to the hills west of the fort by the regimental band, playing appropriate airs. The ladies of the post accompanied by Gen. Crittenden and a number of the other departing officers leading their horses, had already walked out there to witness their departure.

Here the column halted, and all the junior officers who could leave their post with their companies came to take leave of us. Among these were two whom we were destined never to see again, Lieut. Adair of the 22nd, and Lieut. Eban Crosby of the 17th. Crosby was a brave and worthy officer who had lost his right arm in the war of the rebellion. He was a great favorite in the social life of the fort, and now took leave of us with many a gallant

speech and pleasant jest. Soon the bugle calls to place. The farewells are cut short, and speedily each officer is in his proper place in the long imposing line. Three long, resounding cheers are given. The band strikes up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and to that lively air the column moves.

We stand with waving handkerchiefs, saluting our friends, with pleasant words as march gaily past us. Soon they have gone by and the long brilliant line of Loyal blue winds out among the hills with the morning sun reflected from their glistening bayonets in points of light. We watch them out of sight and then walk back to the fort, with hearts full of apprehensions of dangers to the column, and of fear for ourselves in the almost deserted fort. The band which precedes us now plays a sorrowful air—in unison with the mood in which we now return to our fortress homes.

The expedition returned to the fort on September 1st, having followed Whistler's trail to the mouth of Powder river and thoroughly explored the valley of the Yellowstone, pushing the survey of the railroad to the westward.

This expedition encountered many hostile Indians, who followed them on the march to and from the Yellowstone, but there were no serious casualties until the return trip within one day's march of the fort, when being so near home, the vigilance of the officers relaxed and Lieuts. Adair and Crosby were killed. No Indians had been seen on that day and it was thought they had given up the chase. In the afternoon a small herd of frightened and wounded antelope ran past the troops. An old Indian fighter would have seen in this, a favorite ruse of the Indians to lure the officers from the troops. But several of the younger officers saw only an easy prey for their rifles and galloped in pursuit of the antelope. Lieut. Crosby was soon out of sight, following the wounded antelope, and shortly afterward a force of Indians appeared in full view on the neighboring hill.

So dreadful was the mutilation of his features that none of his lady friends at the fort were suffered to look upon his face. He and Lieut. Adair were buried in the post cemetery on the same day with military honors, by the returned troops of the expedition.

The Indians mutilate their dead foes because of their belief that in the world of spirits they must exist destitute of the members of the body of which they have been deprived in this life.

As an expression of the sentiment then universally prevailing in the army in regard to the Indian question, I put in existence a letter written by myself to the "St. Paul Pioneer," Oct. 27, 1872:

"How I wish the Eastern people could see this Indian question as we of the west do, who live in scenes of terror, and daily have our ears poisoned and souls made sick by some such tale of blood and outrage. The Indian who killed Lieut. Crosby did so with a rifle furnished by the United States government, and the knives that mutilated his body were obtained from the same benevolent source. The Indian who killed him is well known. Yet what will be the result?

For this act of atrocity, he will be entitled to wear another eagle feather in his headdress, and will be made a "big chief" of his tribe. Next year he will probably be taken to Washington by some scheming Indian agent ambitious of a free ride and little cheap notoriety and then be feasted and caressed by the dignitaries and fashionables of that fastidious capital.

After so many years it may not be amiss to state that this and many similar letters on the same question were written at request of Gen. Crittenden and other officers of rank and influence, who felt keenly on this subject and yet were precluded by their positions in the army from criticising the action of the government in its singular method of dealing with the Indians in the west.

Capt. Grossman, commanding Co. H. was under orders to escort the Northern Pacific engineers to the Big Bend. Mr. Eccleson was in charge of the engineering party. This expedition failed to return at the expected time, and as the couriers sent out from the fort failed to find them we were in great distress. When they did come back, the Free Masons of the post, for there was a prosperous lodge at the fort, gave them a grand party and banquet as a token of joy in their safety.

The object of this expedition on the part of the engineers was to find the last stake set by the chief engineer—a previous expedition accompanied by Gen. Rosser himself, having failed to find it on account of a severe snowstorm that drove them back to the fort. After finding the stake, Engineer Eccleson ran a preliminary line across the divide between the Big and Little Heart rivers striking the Little Heart at the base of "Crittenden Butte," the largest butte that stands out so prominently on the horizon southwest of Bismarck. It was then the intention to have the railroad cross the river at the mouth of the Little Heart, but this was changed to the point opposite the present site of Fort Lincoln on the hill, and this plan was changed later on, and the crossing finally made at the mouth of the Big Heart river, now Mandan.

On the morning after the Masonic party as Dr. Slaughter and his escort rode back to his post at Camp Greene they were fired at

by Indians from the willow bushes but no one was struck and the Indians did not follow them.

On the 6th day of June, 1872, the post of Fort Rice was thrown into a flutter of excitement by the arrival from Sioux City of the steamer "Miner," having on board the 6th Regiment U. S. Infantry, bound for Fort Buford to take station there and relieve the troops there and at Fort Stevenson. Two companies also were under order to relieve the troops at Camp Greene.

Gen. Hazen was in command, and with his staff and family, and the regimental band, was on board. Social calls were interchanged and a grand ball was given at night in honor of the new arrivals. The music was furnished by the two regimental bands, either of which was equal to the famous marine band of Washington. The officers attended in full uniform and the costumes of the ladies would have been admired at Paris. Outside the stockade the wolves howled and the wild Sioux crept closer to inspect the steamer under cover of the night. But inside the fort all was gayety and mirth, and the hours flew on enchanted wings. I was exceedingly happy that night because on the morrow the troops at Camp Greene would be relieved and come marching home, and I would see my husband again. Act. Asst. Surgeon Boughter, who was to relieve him at Camp Greene, having come on the steamer. But late in the evening, while waltzing with an officer of the 6th, I was told by my partner that there were orders for him to accompany the 6th to Fort Buford and take station there. This was in part a mistake, for the orders were for him to accompany the regiment to Buford and return to Rice on the same steamer. But the effects upon me was just the same. For months my husband had been exposed to all kinds of hardships, sleeping in a frail tent in all kinds of weather, absent on perilous expeditions during which I did not know for weeks at a time whether he were living or dead, coming home to the fort only when some official duty called him there, and then looking so worn and ill that it made my heart ache to see him, and now when I had hoped to have him home for a little while, to have him sent away hundreds of miles, where I might never see him again, was not to be borne quietly. I instantly resolved to set military law at defiance and go with him. I never waited to finish that waltz, but just as soon as I could reach my quarters, toss my ballroom finery into the closet, and don a traveling suit, I was on my way with nurse and baby to the steamer.

I had no permission to leave the fort, and orders in that regard were strict, but I had sent for Post Adjutant Potter to escort me to

the boat, who I knew was too polite to be inquisitive, and of course we passed the gates without challenge. Gen. Hazen had been an old friend of my father, and graciously consented that I could make the trip with my husband, and Dr. Boughter resigned his stateroom to me, so a difficult feat was easily accomplished after all.

Early next morning the boat pulled out. It was heavily loaded and moved slowly up stream. At 10 o'clock we reached Camp Greene. Two companies were landed here, and as soon as the two surgeons had turned over to each other the hospital property in their respective charge, my husband came on board—very happy to meet me there—and the boat moved on.

About noon the boat landed at "Carleton City." It was a motley camp indeed. One frame building, the storeroom of "Cathcart & Shaw," many tents of all sizes, many blankets stretched over the tops of the willow bushes, beneath which men were engaged in cooking—this was the much talked of "Carleton City." Some 200 men were there variously clad, of many nationalities, and apparently, from every grade of society.

The officers of the 6th with one accord condemned it as the most beastly place they had ever seen and Gen. Hazen's views were afterward expressed in his pamphlet entitled "Our Barren Lands," but I have always thought that the General's opinion of the country was biased by his wife's disgust at being sent to a station so remote from the fashionable centers of the east. Gen. Hazen's wife later became Mrs. Admiral Dewey of Spanish War fame.

We were told that the men at "Carleton City," had gathered there from all parts of the country and were waiting to find out just where the railroad would cross the river, and the town located permanently, when they would take lots, build houses and go into business.

I looked upon the scene with wonder. There was something pathetic to me, in the sight of all those men, standing there houseless and homeless, patiently waiting for a city to be laid out on that dreary spot. A more hopeless picture cannot well be imagined, and sublime indeed must have been the faith of those who endured unto the end. John Yegen, R. R. Marsh and other good citizens of Bismarck, I understand, were among the men who stood on the river bank on that day in June, twenty-one years ago, when James A. Emmons was mate on the steamer. (This was written in 1893)

The cause for the stopping the boat at a civilian camp, for she was under military orders, was at first a mystery, but the sergeant of the

guard soon appeared, escorting a woman, whom he compelled to land there. I had never before seen a woman mistreated, and was shocked and indignant that a woman should have been forced ashore, in such a place and among so many men, but it was soon known that she was a noted person, of a class forbidden at military posts, and known as "Dutch Mollie." She had been sent down the river from Fort Randall not long before but nothing daunted, had engaged as servant to a laundress in the 6th, at Sioux City, and was coming up the river again. At Randall she was recognized by the commanding officer, who informed Gen. Hazen of the orders, and as he could not land her in the limits of a military reservation, he set her ashore at the first citizens camp reached. The subsequent career of this woman was remarkable. After a year of rough life she reformed and married an honest and hardworking man. Later her husband secured a divorce, and Stanley Huntley introduced her to the readers of the 'Tribune, as a French lady, "Alice La Serche," in the role of a spiritualistic medium, and she finally died a pauper, and was buried at the expense of the city. She was "the first woman in Bisnarck," instead of the one immortalized by Mr. Huntley in his poem of that title.

Our return trip from Buford to Rice was quickly made, the empty boat floating like a cork on the top of a "June rise."

On board were several passengers destined for the new city at "the crossing," Col. Sweet was one. Another was a man named Dimmick, who had on the lower deck a pile of cottonwood logs, which he was taken down to build a saloon with. I saw them afterwards on the corner where Diedrick's market stands and where Mr. Trippe long run a saloon and gambling house.

CHAPTER IX

OTTER CROSSING

In August, 1872, a new post was ordered to be established at the crossing, for the protection of the citizens of the new town, who were harassed by the Indians.

Lieut. Cairns and a detachment had been sent up early in the spring, as guard to the engineer's stores. Capt. Stanley's company of the 8th Infantry had afterward been temporarily stationed at that point, but were now gone with the expedition to the Yellowstone.

It was designed that the new post should be a permanent one, or at least to be kept up until the railroad should be built to the river crossing.

On August 8, 1872, my husband received the following order which was issued by General Crittenden, at his urgent request:

HDQTRS. FT. RICE D. T.

Aug. 8, 1872

Special Orders No. 105.

Surgeon B. F. Slaughter is hereby relieved from duty at this post and will report without delay to Capt. C. E. Clarke, 17th Infantry, for duty, with Co. D, 17th Infantry, at "Otter Crossing."

By order of: Horatio Potter, Jr.

Gen. Crittenden,

1st Lieut. 17th Infy., Post Ad.

Commanding Post.

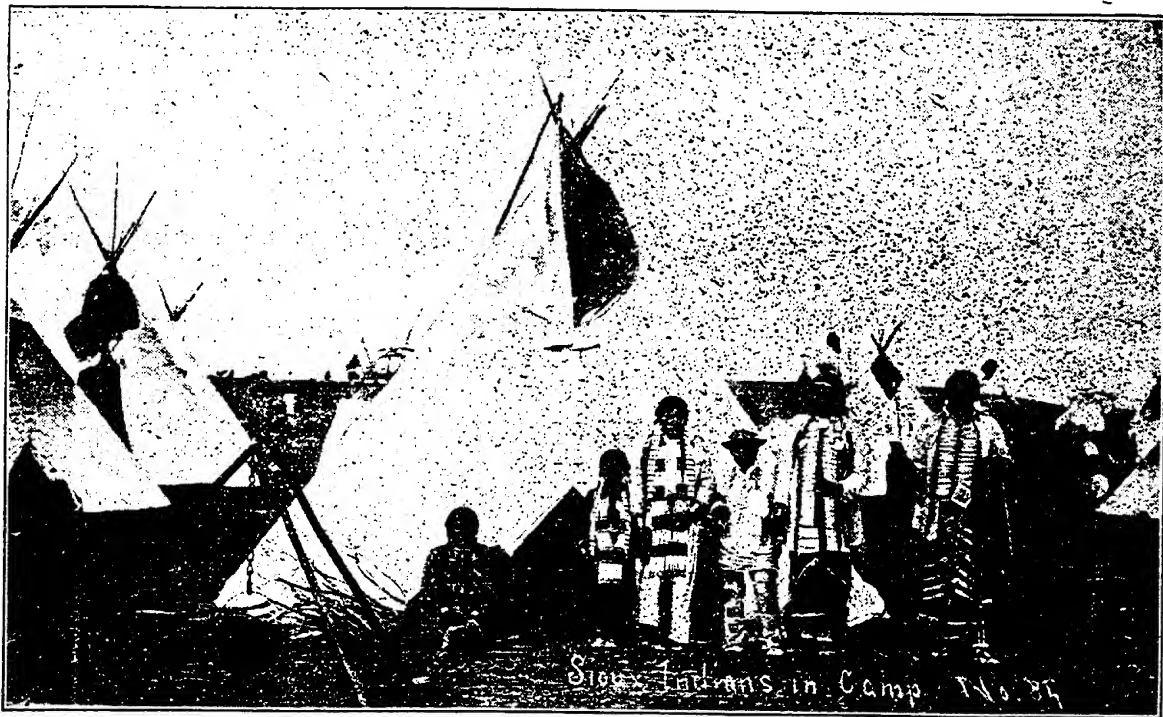
To A. A. Surgeon B. F. Slaughter, U. S. A.

On the evening of the same day, Co. D. with Capt. Clarke, Lieut. Chance and Dr. Slaughter embarked on the government steamer "Ida Stockdale," that had been sent to convey the troops to the new post. Determined never to be separated from my husband again, I decided to go along, and did so, despite the positive command of Gen. Crittenden, the serious protest of Capt. Clarke and the good advice and arguments of everybody else at the post, all of whom very properly thought it best for me to remain in the safety and comfort of the fort until the quarters at the new post were built and a place made ready for me.

But hardships and danger shared with my husband, seemed better than anxiety without him, besides I already imbued with as much en-

thusiasm for the new city at the crossing, as Gen. Rosser himself, so in happy ignorance of what life in a tent really meant, I went along. Col. Scully, quartermaster U. S. A., came up with us. Mrs. O'Leary, wife of John O'Leary now a resident of Bismarck, and who as Capt. Clarke was wont to declare "the only laundress in the regiment who could iron a shirt," was with the company.

At noon we passed the deserted post of Camp Greene, for the two companies of the 6th had moved up to the site of the new post on the hill located by the board of officers appointed for the purpose, and now called Fort McKean. At a timbered spot on the river, near "the point" lay the steamer "Eclipse." On board were the family of Edward Hackett, the first mayor of Bismarck. The "Stockdale"



BISMARCK IN 1870

ran along side and tied up to a tree on the bank, and the soldiers at once went ashore and under the directions of their officers began cutting a road through the underbrush so that the baggage could be taken through.

Carleton City was now a thing of the past. The Citizen's camp had been moved to a new location one mile to the northeast. A few log houses had been built, and many tents were pitched in symmetrical rows along both sides of the main street. This change of location was made for the same reason that had caused the railroad company to abandon the line already being graded to "The Point," as

the terminus of the line at the river, opposite Fort McKean, was called. Owing to the frequent overflows of the Missouri, and the unstable nature of its banks—whole acres at a time being undermined and swallowed up by the treacherous stream—it was necessary to locate the town on the high ground back from the river.

Dr. Burleigh, who had the contract to grade the line to the Point, had taken advantage of his knowledge of the proposed location of the new city, and had sent his brother-in-law, Major Lewis, of Yankton, and several others to locate upon and hold all the eligible lands in the vicinity of the intended townsite. Jacob Houser, a hunter, and two young men named Miller and Gilman, who were clerks in the post trader's store of Durfee and Peck at Fort Rice, had already located claims in the vicinity of the Henry Suttle farm, where Dr. Burleigh's town of Burleigh City afterward thrived for a time.

The land in this country was the rightful property of the Sioux Indians, and until it was ceded to the government, settlers could not lawfully locate upon it. The only claims to title to the land that were attainable, were "squatter's rights," which were always recognized by the government, when the land was finally purchased and opened to settlement.

This action on the part of the contractor led the railroad company to change the place of crossing from Fort McKean to the mouth of the Big Heart river, where Mandan now is.

Here they met the same trouble. George Reno, assistant engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, and his brother, James, had run the preliminary line to the river, opposite the mouth of the Big Heart and the latter informed parties at the end of the completed track, 140 miles east, of the new crossing to be made at the river. A party composed of J. J. Jackman, William Woods, E. N. Corey, and John H. Richards left Oak Lake early in the spring of 1872, passing on the way a party of men under Col. Sweet, attorney for the Lake Superior and Puget Sound company, who were coming to locate upon and hold the lands at the new crossing for the railroad company. The Jackman party arrived first, and although entirely out of provisions, they did not rest until they had located the Jackman claim and neighboring lands. Thus hampered the railroad company was again forced to change the location of its townsite and the present site of Bismarck was chosen.

Indeed, with the most generous intentions toward the settlers, the railroad company found itself hampered and harrassed at every turn. The Lake Superior & Puget Sound company had been organized as a branch company to secure titles to the lands desired for

townsite purposes along the route, while the railroad officials attended only to the survey and construction of the road. There was lack of harmony here from the first in regard to the townsite. The railroad officials, with the exception Gen. Rosser, favored the original line, and crossing at Fort McKean, while the L. S. & P. S. Co., insisted upon the location of the townsite at its present location, where they had men employed in holding it and the adjacent lands. Gen. Rosser, gave as reasons for changing the place of crossing, that the lands around Fort McKean lay too high, and necessitated too steep a grade to ascend or to descend into the valley of the Little Heart. Gen. Rosser wished to run a straight line, west from the river, and in so doing the Big Heart river was crossed thirteen times. The bridges for these many crossings were constructed by his two brother-in-laws, Sutton and Thomas Winston, and their cousin Philip Lewis, who were the bridge contractors on the Northern Pacific railroad line.

It was thought by many that the change in the location of the line of railroad was not real, but was made to discourage Dr. Burleigh in his attempt to hold the townsite lands on the original true grade. As a consequence Burleigh City flourished. Dr. Burleigh gave away lots with a lavish hand to all who would agree to live upon them. In the summer of 1872, there were living there Major Lewis, Fred Edger, George Bellymer, whose wife was cook for the outfit, John McCarty, Ed. Honahue, a man named Waldroff, a half-breed colored man named Buckner, a white man called "Apache Bill," and Joseph Dietrich, and Michael Fellar, who arrived on the Miner the preceding June, and a man named Shannon, who was reputed to have killed a man north of where Oscar Ward's place now is, and drove his team into town and sold it.

All of these matters retarded the building of the railroad and disheartened the settlers in the new town, many of whom became discouraged and left, and the uncertainty of location long hung as a cloud over the prospects of the young city.

Of course the only title the settlers of the new town could obtain to their lots was that of occupance, for although the blocks and streets were permanently laid out, just as they are to-day, there was no country or other civil organization, and of course there could be no records. The government could have no control of the land until it was ceded by the Indians, and no filings of claims could be made. The railroad could give no title other than contracts to lots, because it was itself seeking title through Joseph Pennell's pre-emption claim, when the land should be finally opened to settlement.

This was a season of hope deferred to the impatient settlers, who hesitated to improve their lots or erect permanent buildings thereon until there was a certainty of obtaining clear title thereto.

To return to the Ida Stockdale. Cutting a road through the heavy growth of underbrush, at the place of landing was a tedious task, and it was many hours before we were ready to land. Many citizens of the town were collected there, among them Col. G. W. Sweet, attorney for the L. S. & P. X. Co., who managed the affairs of that company with marked ability. He drove a handsome pair of bays, attached to a light road-wagon, as handsome a turnout as can be seen in Bismarck to-day. Dr. Slaughter had no hospital steward, and was superintending the unloading of his medical stores, so it was suggested that I and the baby should accept Col. Sweet's invitation to drive up town, and then take a room at the hotel and await my husband there. "Hotel." How nice that sounded after having lived so long in a fort. But amazement overcame me, when I was left at a huge unfinished log house, described in my journal of that date as follows:

"An immense log building with thatched roof and ground floor, the walls chinked but not daubed, and admitting the light in a thousand places.

There was no furniture but a long board table with wooden benches beside it. A back room contained a cookstove and some blankets piled in one corner of the room. Hotel, indeed! The place was deserted save that in one corner of the front room, an old man of 70 lay asleep with his face to the wall and the soles of his bare feet turned up to public view in the most surprising way. I sat down on a bench and waited anxiously. The evening was hot, the mosquitoes terrible, and a "smudge" outside the door sent curls of ill-smelling smoke into the room. Suddenly the old man stopped snoring and turned over, disclosing a long, gray beard, a dirty face and a pair of bloodshot eyes. Seeing me, he raised quickly to a sitting posture and gazed at me with such a prolonged and awful stare, that I screamed and ran out of the house. There was no one in sight.

A few log huts and dilapidated tents, straggling along the sides of a grassy street to the eastward, alone met my view. I thought of the dreary picture I had seen at Carleton City, from the Minerva's deck in June, and as I realized that this dreadful place must be my home for an indefinite period, I sat down on a box outside the door and began to cry. The Company soon came up and halted on the green in front of the house. Captain Clarke came over to me and

I told him of the dreadful fright I had received. After giving me a fatherly scolding for not staying at the fort until a place had been made ready for us, he hurried off to give orders to have the surgeon's tents set up first of all.

Soon appeared the landlady of the hotel, a tall, grey haired lady of 70 years, who with nearly all the population of the town had been down to see the steamboat and soldiers. She greeted me with country grace, conducted me into the house and introduced me to her husband, the old man inside, who was now wide awake and setting the table for supper. Just here was the beginning of the most useful lesson I have ever learned and which I learned thoroughly during my first year in the new city, and that was not to judge the character of the people by their dress and appearance, or of their deserts by the station they occupy in life. Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Anthony, the aged proprietors of that wretched hotel, were of good family, and had been born to wealth and luxury, but in their old age had met reverses and were now seeking to reach relations in Montana, traveling overland and stopping at the different towns on the route long enough to earn money sufficient to carry them on to the next. The old man's face was dirty because a face cannot be kept clean in the dust arising from a ground floor, and his eyes were inflamed from the same source, coupled with the smudges, which the cloud of mosquitoes made a constant necessity. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men and as for the dear old lady, I shall remember her with love and gratitude while life lasts. Supper at the "Hotel-de-Anthony,"—was one of the best afforded by the store that supplied the town. Potatoes were a luxury unobtainable. The meal consisted of tea, with sugar the color of burnt umber, salt pork and soda biscuits, set forth on the board table, which was crowded with men who observed an awful silence while they ate, and stared at us all the time. We could eat nothing, but over in camp we secured some canned peaches, sardines and crackers, and dined picnic fashion in the captain's tent, and with a glass of sherry christened our new home Camp Greeley, in honor of the liberal candidate for the presidency.

Camp Hancock

Camp Greeley, or Camp Hancock, as we afterwards named it, stood then in its present location. The officers' tents were in a row facing east on Second Street. Dr. Slaughter's tents stood nearest to Main Street, with the hospital and dispensary tents some yards in the rear. Then came Lieut. Chance's tent, while Capt. Clarke's, the

headquarters tent, with orderly's tent in the rear, stood where the railroad track now is. The tents of the company were in two long rows, facing each other and running east and west in front of the headquarters, with the cook's and commissary tents on the brow of the hill to the south.

Mr. R. M. Douglas, a young man in charge of the Northern Pacific storehouse, now appeared with the welcome proposal that my husband and I should occupy his room in the storehouse, while he would sleep in our tent, until our goods could be unpacked.

The N. P. storehouse stood there on the corner lot now occupied by the Anderson block. It was an immense frame building, with large double doors. A neat little room, was partitioned off in one corner, but the mosquitoes swarmed through the cracks and we had to keep a smudge burning all night. This building was afterward moved over to the railroad track, and now forms the center of the present freight depot.

Life was soon running smoothly with us at Camp Greeley. We furnished our commissary stores, table linen and china to Mrs. Anthony, and as our hours for meals were different from the other boarders, we were soon agreeably served at the hotel.

The Anthony hotel was then the last house on west Main street and the only building west of Second street. On the opposite corner where the Dakota block now stands, was a long log house, the headquarters of the L. S. & P. S. Co., where the men engaged in holding land for the company came in from their claims every Saturday night to spend Sunday and receive their weekly supply of "grubstake."

Joseph Pennell, who was holding the town site for the company, was in charge of the place. On the corner of Main and Third streets, where Phelps's store now is, was the messhouse of Dr. Burleigh, in charge of Maj. W. P. Lyman, and on the next lot but one, where McLean and Macnider afterward built their store was his warehouse of railroad supplies. These were roomy log buildings and were the first houses built in the town. On the opposite corner of Main and Third streets, where Dietrick's meat market now stands, was Dimmick's saloon, built of logs, which he had brought down from Fort Berthold on the Miner the preceding June. These logs belonged to F. F. Girard, the post interpreter at Fort McKean, who was also owner of the saloon and billiard hall run by Dimmick and M. Trippie. On the corner where the First National Bank now stands, was the general store of Cathcart & Shaw, in which the Winston Brothers were interested, and which had been moved up

from Carleton City. Fred Hollembaek was in charge of it. R. R. Marsh was then building the Wellington House, afterward called the Capital House, on the spot now covered by the Central block. William Coleman, who afterward owned a bakery on Fifth street, was cook at the Wellington. Edward Hackett had a small frame house ready for his family on Main street, near where the Athenaeum now stands, and a man named Hilderbrandt lived with his family in a log house near where the Custer hotel now stands. On the corner now occupied by the Lamborn hospital, was a frame house called "The Last Chance," where John W. Procter kept a saloon. Procter, himself, lived on land adjoining the townsite, on which he afterward filed a pre-emption and lived upon it the requisite length of time, but he inadvertently allowed the time in which proof was required to be made to pass, and E. A. Williams filed upon forty acres of the land, which is now William's addition to Bismarck. and a few tents were scattered about on the rear lots. Jack White, afterward had a saloon adjoining the Capital hotel. Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Davis came soon afterward and located on Fifth street where they still live.

The woman, Mollie Myers, who had been put off the "Miner" by the military in June, was known as Mollie Stocking, and was living with a colored woman named Annie, who had been a cook on the grade for Burleigh's men, in a small slab house which they had built themselves, near where the flour mill now is. A man named Wolf afterward proved up on the land over there, which was then held by Samuel Townsend for the L. S. & P. S. Co.

The first white women to locate in Bismarck were Mrs. Elizabeth Gibbs, otherwise Marshall, and Mrs. Louise Courtois, who came to the Crossing with the latter's husband on June 2, 1872, with Ben Ash and Major Lyman of Dr. Burleigh's outfit. She brought with her in her sleeve three little Spanish chickens, whose lives she preserved with the most assiduous care, and which proved to be the forerunners of nearly all the chickens raised in Burleigh county. On July 25, 1872, she and the husband of Mrs. Courtois took pre-emption claims in the big bottom south of the new town on Section 18, or what was then Section 18, for all of it has since disappeared, the ever-encroaching Missouri having swallowed it up. The agents of the Puget Sound company afterwards made claim to the same land.

She went to Pembina, where the United States land office was opened in December, 1873, with Jackman, Hackett, Pennell, and Proctor, to file on her land, and made a spirited contest for the same.

She lived in a little log cabin, among the trees on the road to the Point. In the spring there came the usual Missouri overflow which submerged the bottom, and she was obliged to climb a tree and remain in its branches without food or sleep until the waters subsided. Mrs. Gibb's only son was a private soldier in the 6th Infantry. At Fort McKean he deserted and took refuge among the Indians, a squaw whom he married helping him to escape. His mother's real business in the country was to look for him, as she claimed he was under age when he enlisted. He came to her cabin on the claim and was arrested by Lieut. Burns and a squad of men from Fort McKean. After a world of trouble to the mother, the boy was at last discharged, when she sold out her claim to the Puget Sound company and went to Moorhead, where she lived a sort of hermit life on the banks of the Red river until 1880, when she located on the Little Muddy with her half-breed grandson.

Mrs. Gibbs was a woman of education and great strength of character. She was the daughter of a wealthy physician and graduated at the Iowa state university. After twenty years it may be no breach of confidence to tell her story as she then confided it to me. She had married early in life, against the strenuous opposition of her friends, a man whom she afterward found was already married, and had fled to the frontier anxious only that her family and friends might never see or hear of her again. She seemed happy in her hermit life, and yet she was a woman, who, had she married a good man would have adorned the highest station in social life.

There were more violent storms and blizzards "then I remember to have seen in any winter since." Our greatest privation was the difficulty of getting mail through. In the fall the Ree Scout mail trail down the river had been given up, and the mail from all the military posts from Rice to Bufort, was sent east from Camp Hancock, by relays of soldiers, who carried it out to the end of the track, where a detail of soldiers from Fort Seward, (Jamestown) met them with the mail from the east, for the posts on the upper Missouri. Military mail stations were established along the surveyed line of the railroad, and stormhouses were built at various points along the route so as to secure the safety of their men in violent weather, but still there was delay in the mails. The route was blockaded by snow early in the fall, and we did not hear of the election of General Grant to the presidency, and the defeat and death of Horace Greeley until after Christmas. The news then came as a rumor and no one believed it.

In December, the commanding officer at Fort Seward gave a

contract for carrying the military mail between Forts Seward and Hancock, to Mr. Patrick Hill, who made weekly trips on horseback. Hill also carried mail for the citizens of Edwinton, charging 25 cents for each letter, and 10 cents for each newspaper.

About the 1st of January, 1873, between Edwinton and Crystal Springs, Hill was badly frozen, and was brought back to the post hospital, where Dr. Slaughter amputated all of his fingers. A man named McWilliams, who kept the station at Crystal Springs undertook to carry the mail through, but was badly frozen, and suffered the amputation of his feet at Camp Seward.

Lieut. Chance had obtained leave of absence early in the fall, and remained east during the winter. Lieut. Humbert's wife, who was a sister of Gen. Gibbon, and an energetic little lady, had obtained leave from department headquarters, for her husband to remain at Fort Rice during the winter, on the plea, that he could not stand exposure to the hardships of life at the crossing. But army officers, proverbially jealous of partiality shown from headquarters and the wives of other officers who had never been spared an iota of the rough duties incident to the service murmured audibly, with the result that one day in the dead of winter, Lieut. Humbert received a peremptory order to join his company, and he came upon us unexpectedly, bag and baggage, wife, children and servants.

CHAPTER X

LIFE AT CAMP HANCOCK

Lieut. Col. Dan Huston, of the 6th Infantry, was in command at Fort McKean when the work of building quarters was being rapidly pushed. Major, afterward Col Oriandao H. Moore, was stationed there with Dr. Boughter as post surgeon.

On September 1, 1872, our old and valued friend, Col. Moore, rived from the department of the south to take command, and under his fostering care the new post became one of the finest in the west, and when completed was called Fort Abraham Lincoln.

One result of the selection of the new post, on July 22, 1873, was that Col. Scully and Dr. Slaughter returned from that trip converts to Gen. Rosser, and firm believers that the railroad would be built to and a city established at the crossing.

It was at this time that my husband decided to resign from the army and locate at "the crossing" to engage in private practice as soon as the new city should be laid out.

On August 13th we had a visit from Gen. Sheridan, who with a military escort of Capt. Bates' company of the 22nd, came overland from Fort Seward (now Jamestown) on a tour of inspection to the down river posts. Sheridan was more at home in a tent than anywhere else, and despite his brusque manners, was the kindest of men. We had no mosquito bars at Camp Hancock, and had the lace curtains from our quarters at Fort Rice wreathed around the bedstead. This did not suffice to keep them out and my face and arms were disfigured by their bites. The general was very sorry for us and promised to send us mosquito bars, which he did as soon as he reached St. Paul.

On the 16th we had our first Indian alarm. Some herders on Apple Tree Creek were attacked by a large body of Indians and one of them was killed. Lieut. Chance and a squad of soldiers were sent out the next day to bring in the dead and mutilated body, and it lay all night in the hospital back of our tent. The next day it was buried by the soldiers on the lots where the Presbyterian church now stands, and where a number of others were afterward buried. First Sergeant Smith of Co. D read the burial service. This was the first funeral in Bismarck.

This was the first of many Indian alarms and I spent many sleepless nights on this account. If the Indians were to be feared in a strongly garrisoned fort, how much were they to be dreaded in a frail tent that offered no resistance to their entrance?

On August 19, a man came in from the camp of Dr. Burleigh's workmen, thirty miles east, saying a body of Indians, 120 strong, had appeared at the camp and demanded food, which being refused, they had taken by force. The men urgently requested that arms be sent them. Capt. and twenty men to carry the arms to them.

A party cutting hay on the Fort Stevenson road about the same time, were attacked by six Indians, and moved their camp to town.

Fort McKean also had its full share of Indian hostilities. On one occasion the Sioux attacked the fort and killed the officers' cows.

There were constant skirmishes across the river, between the Sioux and friendly Arrickarees, many of which took place in full view of the new city.

One day an Arrickaree scout came into my tent at Camp Hancock, and held up before me a fresh Sioux scalp, with long, black scalp lock and having one ear still attached. I turned faint and dreadfully sick at the sight, which the Indian took as a great personal affront, for the scalp was that of the young Sioux chief who had lain in wait for me at Fort Rice. The scout thought that the "medicine squaw" should reward him with "heap big sugar," and laugh and dance because her enemy was dead.

It was so horrible, yet how could I feel sorry, for my own scalp seemed to set more closely to my head after that. I gave the Indian an order for ten pounds of sugar to get him to take himself and the scalp away, and he afterwards went over town and sold it.

As Dr. Slaughter and I expected to locate in the new city, we were intensely interested in all that concerned it, and we soon became acquainted with the people. August 20th was the fourth anniversary of our marriage and the boarders at Anthony's hotel gave us a party. Father Anthony had gotten a floor laid in the house and the chinking daubed up. The music was two violins, one of them played by L. T. Marshall, a noted musician of the time. Col. Sweet and Mrs. Anthony led the grand march, and dear Mrs. Anthony moved through the dance with elegance of movement that a younger but less aristocratic belle might have envied. She wore a heavy trained black silk dress with costly, white thread lace shawl, and I wore an evening robe of white silk, as became a bride. The collation was of champagne and buffalo tongue sandwiches. This was the first party ever given in the city.

On August 23rd Col. Sculley, U. S. A., from Fort Rice, and Montgomery Meigs, Jr., Engineer Northern Pacific railroad, laid out and staked off the plat of the new post. The men of Co. D were then set to work in the timber on the bottoms by the river, to get out logs to build the quarters.

First Telegram

August 24th was a red letter day in the history of the town, and of the upper Missouri river posts. By instructions received from the company's office in New York, the town had been named Edwinton, in honor of Edwin M. Johnson, the first chief engineer of the road. On that day the Northwestern telegraph was completed to Edwinton. A story and a half frame building had been hurriedly put up on the corner where the Raymond brick block now stands. The telegraph operator had arrived and set up his instruments.

Officers of the army and of the railroad were there, and I was very proud and happy when they came to me and said: "Now, you shall have the honor of writing the first dispatch from your infant city, to announce to the headquarters at New York the completion of the telegraph line." With trembling hands, I wrote the words, and listened eagerly to the click of the instrument that told us the pencilled thought was winging its eastward way over the mystic wires, that brought us once more in close communion with the centers of civilization, that theretofore had seemed so far away. Here is the first message:

"Edwinton, the newly christened child of the Northern Pacific railroad, sends greeting to the world! Through the medium of the Northwest telegraph she asks the benediction of her sponsors and records her vow of fealty to all public good."

The importance to us of the completion of this line can scarcely be estimated. Before this our only means of communication was by the Missouri river route to Sioux City. There was no postoffice at Edwinton that year and no mail route. The few letters received by the citizens of the town came by the steamboats, or were forwarded by any chance opportunity from the end of the track.

First Sunday School

On the afternoon of the 24th, the first Sunday school was started in the new city. I had made a little feast for the children at my tent and invited them all the day before. Col. Sweet had his office as attorney of the L. S. & P. S. Co. in a neat frame building on Main street. He kindly sent to offer us the use of his office for

the Sunday school, and our first meetings were held there. But the business of the company increased, and Col Sweet needed his office, so our meetings were held during the rest of the summer in my tent. In winter we met at the post hospital in the Burleigh warehouse, the children being ranged in classes in cots in the ward. Afterwards we met at my quarters at Camp Hancock and in the old telegraph office where I later lived.

On August 28th a detail of soldiers in two wagons and two mounted Indian scouts set out to carry the mail from Fort McKean to Fort Rice. Two scouts riding in front, the other in the rear of the wagons. They were attacked by a body of Sioux, 150 strong, who lay concealed in a ravine near the trail. The two scouts in front were instantly killed, and the third was mortally wounded. This was the scout who had killed and scalped the Sioux admirer of my curls. He fell from his horse and returned the fire, killing the leader of the Sioux, who was a son of the great chief Two Bears. Several of the soldiers were wounded, but all escaped, and were pursued by the Indians to within rifle shot of the fort. The Indians then crossed the river and we lived for days in expectation of an attack.

Greeley to Hancock

Our choice of a name for our post was not pleasing army headquarters. Sheridan of course preferred Grant to Greeley as a candidate for the presidency, and we were notified to change it. Our Department Commander Gen. Hancock came to visit us on October 7th, and when he arrived he found the name "Camp Hancock," conspicuously displayed above the tents. He was accompanied by Governor McGoffin of Kentucky, Col. Fred Grant and other distinguished visitors. Hancock was a courtly gentleman, punctiliously observant of the smallest detail of social and military etiquette, a direct contrast to the plain spoken, homely Sheridan. Yet we only admired Hancock while we loved Sheridan.

On October 12th the town and camp narrowly escaped destruction by prairie fire, and were only saved by the strenuous efforts of both soldiers and citizens. The fire approached from all sides and the almost certainty that the Indians had set it, added to the fear of the situation. The scene at night, when darkness had settled upon the earth was truly grand. A wide semi-circle of madly leaping flames and lurid blaze hemmed us, and seemed to separate us from the outside world. Only the river bank looked dark and gloomy, and down in the willows the monotonous beat of the Indian tom tom rose faintly on the whispering wind.

CHAPTER XI

EVENTS IN EDWINTON

As there were only two sets of quarters and the lieutenant had to live in the post, the telegraph office on the corner of Main at Third streets, where the Raymond brick block now stands, was rented as surgeon's quarters, and we were soon settled there. This had three nice rooms below, with servant's rooms above. Capt. Braithwite lived there with his family, when they first came to Bismarck. C. C. Brown, a printer on the Tribune, and his wife also lived there, and afterward Col. Lounsberry and his family. His son Freddie was born in that house. In 1873, Col. H. H. Bronson, railroad freight agent, had a mess room in the building. C. S. Deisam, now a leading merchant of LaMoure, was in charge of it. The railroad company finally gave the house to Col. Lounsberry, and he sold it some years later to Justus Bragg, who moved it out to the east corner of Main and Seventh streets, where it still stands, an addition having been made to it on the east side.

The majority of the people who were here during the winter of 1872-73 were earnest business men, who were seeking to build up homes, and create a business of an honorable kind. Others were waiting for the land to be opened for settlement, in order to file claims for government land. Many of them had their families with them. When it is remembered that there was no civil organization of any kind, and no authority but the military, and that they could not interfere in civil affairs without special orders from department headquarters, the inference is plain that these first settlers of Bismarck must have been as a class, peaceable and law abiding.

But in the opening of the year 1873, there were some new arrivals of men and women of bad character, who had followed the railroad, stopping for a time at each town on the way. Chief among these men were David Mullen and Jack O'Neil, who opened a dance hall in a log house on the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, where the Merchant's Bank block now stands. From that time, the locality from Broadway to Main street was considered disreputable, and no respectable woman would walk on that street. Every house from Mullen's to the storeroom of "Cotter and Shaw" on the corner, was a saloon and dance hall. All the newspaper cor-

respondents, who visited Edwinton at that time, by some fatality, appeared to see this portion of the town, alone, and like the blind man who went to see the elephant, judged of the whole town by the portion of it they had examined, and gave it undue prominence in their news letters.

Thus, without in the least deserving it, the new town at the crossing was given a celebrity as the wickedest city in the west. Among the gamblers who came with the Mullen and O'Neil party, were two named Edward Hayes and Edward Curran, alias Charles Stanton, or "Shang," as he was called. The two were old enemies, Shang being one of Mullen's adherents, and Mullen was lame from a bullet, which Hayes had lodged in his hip at Brainerd. One morning while living in the telegraph office, I heard a shout, and looking out of the window, I saw three men dodging around the post hospital in the old Burleigh warehouse. One of the men I recognized as an old man named Collins; another was a tall man and a shorter man, slightly lame, was following and shooting at them. This was Hayes and the tall man was Shang. One of the bullets went through Shang's overcoat; another through his neck. Shang was all the time trying to get his revolver from his overcoat pocket.

As soon as he reached it he returned the fire, and Dave Mullen coming upon the scene, Hayes ran up to Jack White's saloon, where a woman called "Big Marie" gave him Jack's shotgun. This was the first white man's battle I had ever seen, and I thought their method of fighting under cover and dodging around corners greatly inferior to the Indian style, where the Sioux dashed out recklessly and fought in an open field. Collins was a peace maker, and as is usual in such cases fell into danger from the fire of both parties. He went to the Black Hills and was killed by the Indians, to whom he had surrendered while out prospecting for gold. Hayes left town that night, and it was said that Mr. Stocking, who had sold out to the Baileys, and turned gambler, drove him out to the end of the track.

A Visit To Fort McKean

The river being solidly frozen during the winter, there was much visiting to Fort McKean, where the graceful hospitality of Mrs. Gen. Carlin, was dispensed. The sleighing was fine, but there was not a sleigh in town. I resolved to have one and when a consignment of dry goods packed in a large piano box arrived overland for Cathcart's stores, I had the box sent down to Camp Hancock. The post carpenter scooped a curved piece out of one side, fixed a board inside for a seat and mounted it on runners made of saplings. Then

I had a sleigh, the first in the country, and with my own hands I painted it a bright blue color. Then I borrowed Mr. Emmons' old white horse, "George," rigged him up with some ropes and harness from the quartermaster, and taking my colored servant, Anna, drove gaily over to Fort McKean to dine with Gen. and Mrs. Carlin.

Here my patriotic equipage, for Anna wore a red shawl, and with the white horse and blue sleigh filled out the complement of the national colors, was greatly admired. When the call sounded for retreat we sailed grandly out of the fort, down the long hill, and struck into the beaten track across the river, which then ran opposite the Point, and up the hill among the trees on the eastern side. At this bank the transfer "Ida Stockdale" was fast in the ice, midway of the stream. A squad of government mules came thundering round the curve, and made straight for our frightened steed who struggled frantically to fly the track, and turn down stream. That were sure destruction to us, for the river below was full of treacherous air-holes, and safety lay in reaching the shore before the herd reached us. It was a close race, but we won it, and had reached the bank before the mules overtook us.

They dashed past us up the bank, snorting and whistling like so many antelope, with old "George" fairly whizzing after them. When we tried to stop him, fearful of being dashed against the trees, we found out that he was running away with us. We tried strategy and wheeled him about facing a steep cut at the side of the road, but he had to keep on going. If he could not go one way he could another, and before we knew what he was about he had backed us over the bank, ten feet to the ice below. Our steed lay motionless, and we were under the inverted sleigh, and could not get out until Mr. Stephen Welch, the watchman on the Stockdale, came and rescued us.

Gen. Carlin's treatment of the settlers was a marked contrast to that of his predecessor. Indeed the military as a rule, had little regard for the settlers. They regarded their being in the country as the cause of the Indian hostilities from which the troops so greatly suffered. To quote the language of Col. Huston, post commandant of Fort McKean, when at the request of the citizens of Edwinton I went over to ask him to allow the military mail carriers to carry mail for the citizens, "The government cannot recognize these settlers. They are all interlopers in the Indian country, and ought to be driven out by the military." Of course this was illogical, as the government had built and garrisoned forts in the Indian country, and was sending out its soldiers to protect the men who were seek-

ing to construct a railroad through a country which was secured to the Indians by treaty. But this was the opinion universally held by the military. Gen. Carlin on the contrary treated the settlers with the utmost courtesy, and gave them protection and assistance in many ways.

In the fall of 1872 our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Anthony rented their hotel to a man named Van Dyke, who with his wife and son-in-law kept it for a time. They had before lived in part of T. P. Davis' house on Fifth street, after which they took a claim on the bottom where their son died, and his was the first death of a grown person to occur in the settlement.

The Anthonys lived in a log house at the Point that winter, holding a claim for the Puget Sound & Lake Superior Company, at the terminus of the railroad line at the river, and boarded the men who were likewise holding claims for the company in the bottom.

In the spring of 1873, when the river broke up, the bottom was submerged and the settlers driven out. The Anthonys could not get away and a boat was sent for them. The water came close to the banks, south of the city, and men in small boats and log canoes brought the settlers from the bottom to the foot of Third street. We were glad to offer the shelter of our quarters to these worthy old people who had lost all their belongings, and had been rescued with difficulty from the roof of their house where they had taken refuge. Privations were beginning to tell upon the old lady's fine spirits. They both grieved constantly, lest they should never be able to reach their friends in Montana. At length, more in sympathy with them than from any idea of the value of the property, we paid them \$300 for their big log "hotel" and their right to the lot, and sent them on their western way rejoicing.

A Hero

Among those driven out by the flood were the Belhymas of Burleigh City. They removed afterwards to Jamestown, where he was arrested for stealing pork from the government, and was taken to Pembina via a steamboat on the Red River.

He was heavily ironed and distinguished himself on the journey by leaping overboard, shackles and all, to save the life of a little child that had fallen overboard. Judge Barnes who was to try him, was on board and witnessed the daring act. The passengers made up a purse for him and signed a petition to the judge for clemency in his case. He got off and went to Canada.

After having bought the big log house, we were like the man

who bought the elephant, we did not know what to do with it. Presently it occurred to us to go and live in it, and we gave up our quarters, took commutation instead, and moved into the great, ungainly log shack on the corner of Main and Second streets, having first had it renovated, and lined throughout with white muslin. The L. S. & P. S. Co. afterwards gave me a deed which I had recorded to the lot on which it stood, as partial reparation for the loss of my lots that were swallowed up in the right-of-way, but as the railroad title to the townsite was not perfected the deed was valueless, and I had to make up proof of occupancy before the townsite commission and purchase the lot from the city authorities, after the townsite settlement in 1877.

I now did my best to make my new home attractive, and we were happy there. My husband had a fence made around the lot, and a barn built for his horses, without which a Kentuckian would not feel at home anywhere. We got some chickens from a friend at Fort Lincoln but they proved to be game chickens, and fought bitterly among themselves and we were greatly annoyed by having a crowd of loungers gazing through the fence at the rear of the lot at the chicken fight that was nearly always going on in the back yard and which we were powerless to stop, for once they began they ended only with the death of one of the combatants, while the survivor at once sought out a new antagonist. At length, like the Kilkenny cats, the roosters had killed each other off, all but one, and he died from wounds received in his last combat. Then we got a nice, peaceable fowl from Mrs. Marshall's brood of young Spanish chickens, and thereafter peace reigned in the farmyard, and we had eggs and broiled chicken *ad libitum*.

Then Dr. Slaughter purchased a pig from Nicholas Comerford for \$22. In a few days we found the pen full of little pigs. Oh, such a lot of tiny, cunning, wiggling creatures, eleven in all, with little snips of tails curled up at the end of their backs in the cutest fashion imaginable. We admired them exceedingly, and after we had counted up how much profit there would be on the original pig, if all the eleven lived to grow up, and be sold for \$22 apiece, we thought ourselves the most wonderful farmers in the world. But alas! there were too many of them. Like the old woman who lived in a shoe, the mother pig hadn't room for all, so we had to give some of them away; then after that some of those remaining were so inconsiderate as to die. Still there were seven left, and seven times twenty-two was an awful lot of profit just for one pig.

Sad to say none of them lived to grow up. We were tempted,

and slew them all one after another at infrequent intervals. But we had seven royal dinner parties, and seven sumptuous dinners, whereof the center piece was a whole roast pig with accompaniments, a la Capt. Clarke. But what is life worth, anyway, if we are not happy, and do not make our friends happy while we stay?

After that we got tired of the old pig and sold her for \$10.

Our experience with a cow was not less unprofitable. I wanted a cow, so we could have cream all the time and Dr. Slaughter bought me one with the express stipulation that he was never under any circumstances to be called upon to have anything to do with her. She was a docile little Jersey with mild, reproachful eyes, warranted not to kick, and I am afraid to tell what she cost. There were very few cows in the country then, and the price they brought would, if stated, be deemed an exaggeration. This one had belonged to an officer at Fort Stevenson who had been ordered to another department.

All went well. The cow was a treasure. Suddenly, without warning, our housekeeper left us. We were paying her but \$25.00 monthly, and the offer of \$35.00 from an officer at Fort Rice was not to be resisted. Here was a dilemma. Her place could not be filled only by inexperienced girls who knew little more of the mysteries of housekeeping than I did myself, and accustomed as I had been to the trained servants of the south, and the careless, free luxury of the army mess, I was as helpless a being in the kitchen as can well be imagined. Mrs. Anthony's lessons now came into play, and I blessed the old lady every day of my life, as I realized the value of her instructions, and profited by the remembrance of her methods. Soon I had mastered the details of cooking, and so far pleased my husband, that thereafter, no matter how many servants we had, he would never have his coffee made, or beefsteak broiled by any one but myself, and I was prouder of that because of the difficulties overcome than I had ever been of any social or literary triumph I had ever achieved.

But the cow was a difficult matter. I just couldn't learn how to milk. My husband generously rescinded the contract we had made that he should have nothing to do with the cow. He held her by the horns while I vainly tried to make the milk come. Not that she needed to be held, for she was docility itself, but her horns looked very formidable, and I felt safer that way. But I could not milk, although I tried harder and gave more earnest thought to the matter than I had ever done to anything of the kind before. I even laid awake at night to discover some scientific elucidation of the cause of my repeated failures. But in vain, and it was small com-

fort to know that my husband, for whose attainments I had great respect, couldn't learn to milk either. One evening we had a visitor. A young officer from a neighboring fort had called, and finding us all out in the cowshed, came down to see what was going on. I had now progressed so far in my new accomplishment that a very tiny stream of milk would flow, but it wouldn't go into the pail. It flew in attenuated spiral streams in every direction but the right one. Our friend was much interested, and after quoting some pastoral poetry and gallantly complimenting the milkmaid, sat down on a log to watch the proceedings. Unfortunately the very first stream of the milky fluid that I succeeded in coaxing out, flew straight past my shoulder and struck him squarely in the eye, from where it dropped upon the collar of his spotless uniform. In vain I offered distressed apologies for the accident, and assured him that I couldn't help it. He answered, coldly, that "it wasn't of the least consequence in the world," and walked off holding his head very high. Then I knew that he was mortally offended and would never forgive me. And he didn't. He never called again. Now it was bad enough to have offended one of my husband's best friends, but it was dreadful to have him go away believing that I had wilfully been guilty of a deliberate act of rudeness. Explanations I knew would be useless, for appearances were too strongly against me.

My husband knew, of course, I would not be guilty of an intentional act of rudeness. He thought it must be the fault of the cow, but was unjust, for the cow couldn't help it either. To find out just how it happened, he undertook himself to milk, but after he had sent a few of the unmanagable streams of snowy fluid into his shirt bosom and on his spotless trousers, his long-tried patience gave way, and flinging the milk pail over the fence into the road, he walked off and left the poor cow to her fate. That did not help matters one bit. We still pondered over the problem, not how the milk got into the cocoanut, but how to get it out. At length we gave it up, and sold the cow for one-half of what we paid for her. •

Such experiences and other hardships of this new life, led us to ask ourselves if the doctor had done wisely in deciding to resign a position in the army, which could have been his for life and in which we could never have achieved distinction, but we could have enjoyed the society of congenial friends and lived in the style in which we had been accustomed. Dr. Slaughter had been carefully reared and besides a classical education, had special training for the army service, graduating as a medical cadet from the Military Medical schools instituted by the government in 1861 in connection with the

federal hospitals at Louisville, Kentucky. His tastes, like my own, were social and literary. The wild life of the frontier was unsuited to us both, but we endured it, believing that in a few years our investments in the new city would bring to us a competence if not a fortune. The city itself, we had not a doubt, would become a vast metropolis—filled with every luxury and abounding with cultured society. Until then we were content to wait and endure.

As cold weather advanced the frequency of Indian alarms became less. In October the company moved into their log quarters. Work had been commenced before on the officers' quarters, but had been delayed. Only two of the four buildings in the original design were ever built—the captain's and the surgeon's. The other two buildings, intended for Lieuts. Humbert and Chance, were to have been erected between and in a line with the captain's and surgeon's which are still there. They were all alike of hewed logs but the captain's had been boarded up and a second story added. The present quartermaster's office was Dr. Slaughter's quarters. It was originally begun some little distance north of its present location, when the Northern Pacific officials notified us that it was in the middle of Main street, and it was taken down August 19th and built where it now stands. We had two large wall tents with fly in front, fitted up as bedroom and sitting room. Boards for the floor could not be had so soft, heavy carpets and rugs were spread on the grass floor. During the heat of summer the glare of the sun piercing through the white canvas, was intensely painful to the eyes, and we all suffered greatly from this cause until Mr. Anthony lined the tents with green gingham. Mrs. Anthony and I bought the gingham at a dry goods store. The store was kept in a trunk, and the trunk stood on the grass floor of a log house that had no door, roof or windows, and on the chinking of which a man was vigorously daubing mud. The store keeper was James A. Emmons.

Mrs. Anthony also made me a green gingham sunbonnet, which I wore to the great horror of the post commandant.

Mr. Emmons was married in Yankton and brought his wife home to Edwinton in September, and she was the first bride in Bismarck.

In October we had a stove put up in our tent, but in windy weather it was impossible to use it as the slapping of the canvas walls and roofs, either pulled out the stove pipe and filled the tents with smoke, or lifted the stove bodily from the floor and scattered fire over the carpet. On such occasions I found refuge in Mrs. An-

thony's warm kitchen and she taught me how to cook. If I spoiled any of the dishes, I gave them to the old lady for her boarders, and my husband wondered at the size of the commissary bills. At last there came a snowstorm one night and we were nearly frozen. Then Capt. Clarke rented Dr. Burleigh's mess room for quarters for himself and Dr. Slaughter, and the warehouse for the post hospital. The former was a large, double log house, built up in southern style, with a floored and roofed space between. Capt. Clarke soon moved into his new quarters at the post, and we occupied the whole house. We had a fine housekeeper then, a mulatto woman, named Louisa Thompson, but she had a fault unsuspected by us, and after one pay day at the post, she got drunk and accidentally set the house on fire. This was on November 15th, in the midst of one of the worst blizzards I had ever seen. We were glad to run for shelter to Dimmick's saloon across the street. This was the first fire in the new city, and the citizens all turned out and fought it nobly. Co. D. came on the double quick and joined them, but in that wild storm little could be done. The house burned to the ground and such of our furniture as was saved was taken from the burning building by men who rushed recklessly through the flames to reach it.

Sergeant Smith had his hands severely burned getting a trunk through a window. "Jack" White and "Buffalo Jack," John E. Wasson, afterward a magistrate of the city, had both taken hold of the window sash just before, to wrench it from its fastenings. It turned on a pivot and they both turned a somersault backward into a snow drift. I was greatly touched by the eagerness of all the people to help us, their hearty expressions of kindness and manifest sympathy. Losses of furniture or clothing may mean little in the east, but on the frontier, 200 miles from civilization, with no means of transportation, such losses rise to the dignity of a misfortune.

Still there were some vandals in the town. Among my most valued belongings that were lost in the fire was a silver dinner set, a family heirloom of great value, that we hoped to recover after the burnt ruins of the house cooled off, in a melted state. Capt. Clarke sent a detail of men next day to rake them over, but some one had anticipated them during the night. The hot ashes had been thoroughly raked over and searched, and only a few melted spoons were found. The parties who did this were found out, but there was nothing that could be done as there were no laws here then.

The soldier who had given the liquor to the cook was put in the guard house, but he got out the same night, stole the captain's horse and deserted, but he was captured. He was an exception in Co. D.,

the main body of the men being quiet and orderly. Later he went to Montana, where he was hanged for murder.

After the fire we boarded at the Edwinton hotel, kept by J. B. Bailey, in partnership with a man named Stockins, who had built the house on Third street, on the lots now vacant, adjoining Logan's store. The hotel was a two story, frame, with large front room below, used as dining room and kitchen, and family rooms behind. Upstairs were two small bedrooms, the other boarders slept on blankets spread on the floor in the two front rooms above and below. James McBride, now one of Bismarck's most wealthy citizens, was then at the hotel. Among the boarders was John P. Dunn, afterwards county commissioner and treasurer, who kept a drug store on Main street where Glitschka's building now stands, in partnership with J. A. McArthur. An old man named Robert Henry, with a boy about 12 years old was there, with some teams. Henry afterwards settled on a claim on Heart river, near where Mandan now is, and was found murdered and robbed in his shack soon afterward, presumably by Indians.

J. S. Warne, afterward engaged in mining lignite and holding a claim west of Mandan, had just arrived; a man named Robert Scott, who afterwards kept a livery stable on Third street, where Slattery's block now stands, in partnership with J. W. Millett, of Bismarck, was there; also a telegraph operator. Mr. Bailey, and his son, D. I. Bailey, afterward kept a hardware store on Main street, and Mr. Bailey met a sad death in 1880, by being drowned in a pool of water while returning from Joseph Gayton's ranch, some thirty-five miles south of Bismarck. The Capital hotel was now completed, and was an elegant building for that time. We secured two large front rooms, fitted them up with such furniture as had been saved for us and boarded there until our quarters at the post were finished. After the fire, our cook, Louisa, located on the lot now covered by Sullivan's Minnehaha house where she built a log house and in after years became a noted person in Bismarck, known as "Yellow-hammer."

When our quarters were ready we moved out to Camp Hancock. There were four rooms, all elegantly papered with newspapers, among which the St. Paul Pioneer, an army favorite and the leading journal of the northwest, held leading place. Truly sumptuous apartments they seemed to be in comparison with the canvas tents and cabins of unhewn logs, daubed with common mud and boasting merely earthen floors, that formed the homes of the citizens of the town, and we who have braved the glaring heat, the blinding dust,